

Double Helix by wizardingtributeofhades

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Summary:

Mike is introduced to Double Helix and their star Richie through a misunderstanding but after seeing him in action he knew he wanted nothing more than to sleep with his doppelgänger.

-Edited.

Double Helix

“Wheeler you fucking prick!” The door slammed into the wall, Max’s loud voice amplified in the small room. She wore the wicked smile and mischievous glint in her eyes that Mike learned to fear when back in high school. A plastic bag bulging with DVDs threatened to burst on her wrist.

“What the hell are you talking about Max?” Hidden behind Will on his bed Mike glared at her over his shoulder. Max had never been shy with her punches; the last time he was on the receiving end, he’d sported the bruise for weeks.

“Yea what did Mike do now?” Dustin smirked over at Mike from Will’s bed, his feet resting in Jane’s lap. “Let me know if you’re going to hit again so I can film it.” He smiled as Mike flipped him off.

Max shook the plastic bag in her hand. “Let’s just say some of the dungeons Mike’s been in lately have had more than just dragons...” She gave Mike a pointed look, waiting for him to do anything but stare at her. “Seriously? You’re going to play dumb. I have the evidence right here.”

“I have literally no idea what the fuck you are talking about Max. Like at all.”

“Fine Wheeler, just remember I gave you a chance.” She grabbed a DVD, tossing them out one by one. “*Jailbait 19*, *Dungeon Love*, *Sex School*, *Saturday Detention*. All lovely little films. But most importantly, they all star yours truly! You use a fake name but there’s no changing that ugly mug.”

“No fucking way!” Knocking his chair over Lucas jumped up, snatching a movie from Max, *Twinks Galore*, a scantily clad Mike holding onto a smaller guy in skinny jeans decorating the cover. Jane just stared at the cover of hers, eyes wide.

“Dude!” Dustin was up now too, holding his hand up for a high five.

“Uh this isn’t Mike.” Will was holding his close to his face, examining the picture. “The freckles are all wrong. And trust me; Mike doesn’t have a tattoo there.” He pointed to the collection of stars that decorated ‘Not Mike’s thigh.

“Oh spend a lot of time examining that area huh Will?” Lucas smirked at the blush on both of his friend’s faces. Both Will and Mike attempted to be subtle with their relationship. They weren’t even sure what to call it past that, they loved each other, they did, but it never seemed to move past the bed. It wasn’t something they talked about, not outside of pleads for ‘more’ or ‘harder’.

“Shut up Lucas. I don’t do porn. And if I did it wouldn’t be ones that get sold in that trash heap of a store you work at.” He glared at everyone one in the room but Will, all of whom were looking at him with various looks of suspicion.

“Oh eat a cock Wheeler. You didn’t mind it being a ‘trash heap’ when you bought a couple bottles of lube and a Flesh-light.”

Mike’s cheeks burned but he ignored the comment, standing up to collect the movies. “No way.” Dustin held his out of reach, struggling to keep it away from Mike. “We are so watching this.”

“What! No. Ew!” Mike tried to snatch it but Dustin tossed it to Max. “Max give it to me!”

“Giving a live rendition of some of your lines Mike?” She teased. “I’m with Dustin, there is no way we aren’t watching this. I’m still not convinced it’s not you.”

“It’s not me. I’ve had sex with a grand total of four people. Ever! I’m not a fucking porn star.”

“Four?” Smirking at him from Mike’s bed Will seemed to gain the energy everyone else had. “I thought it was just me, Jane, and that transfer student senior year. Whose number four?”

Mike was sure he was sporting a full body blush, the warmth spreading down to his neck and chest. “No one you know.” If he knew this was coming he’d have handled it better but there was too

much going on and his eyes flitted to Dustin.

“No way!” Will’s smile grew as he bounced on the bed, turning to look at Dustin. “When?!” If any good had come from the situation, it was that Mike was no longer the only one blushing, Dustin’s cheeks turning pink.

“This is the best day of my life!” Lucas dug through the movies cackling at each absurd title.

“Like a year ago, we were really drunk.” Mike muttered dejectedly while Dustin became much more interested in the short description on the back of *Ass Invaders from Outerspace*.

“Who topped?”

“Can we all just stop? Please?” Collapsing back on to his bed Mike scrubbed his palms over his face, hoping to wipe away his embarrassment. “Please...”

“Fine.” Max agreed far too easily. “After we watch one of these.”

Mike moaned pitifully as the movie started, the volume turned up absurdly high despite his pleas about the neighbors. He refused to look, ignoring the Party’s wolf whistles and raunchy comments. It only took one moan, one sinfully, should be illegal moan, to gain his attention. On screen was one of the cutest little twinkles he’d ever seen in his life. He was staring up at the camera, eyes blown wide, hickies and bites decorating his chest, legs splayed wide as ‘Not Mike’s’ cock slid into him inch by inch.

He couldn’t resist watching the rest, the way ‘Not Mike’s’ slim muscles flexed as he fucked into his partner, the way his long hair hung down in his face, the dark hickies on his neck and chest, the sweat clinging to his skin. His hand slid onto Will’s thigh, rubbing circles onto the soft skin. ‘Richie fuck, harder...’ Mike’s grip on Will’s thigh tightened quickly and that was all the hint Will needed.

“Out! Everyone. Now!” Will moved quickly, shoving everyone out despite the protest. Barely after the door was closed and Mike had Will pinned, teeth at his neck, hand rubbing against the bulge in

the boy's jeans.

"Need you in me Will, fuck please." 'Not Mike' was still on screen, moaning loudly, showering praise on his partner, muttering the filthiest things that Mike had ever heard. His cock hung heavy between his thighs, aching for relief as Will prepped him, two fingers scissoring him open.

Mike's eyes never left the screen, begging Will to hurry, begging him to make him moan as loud as the pair on screen. Will pushed in fast, faster than they normally did. He didn't have to look behind him to know Will was looking at the screen, turned on just as much as Mike was. His moan echoed the video, both boys sounding utterly broken as they were being fucked into.

"Richie..." He whined as he came, arms giving out. It didn't take long for Will follow, pressing kisses to Mike's back as he slid out.

"That was fucking amazing..." Curling up to Will, Mike bit at Will chest, laughing when the boy yelped and swatted his head. Pressing a kiss to the ease the pain of the bite, he murmured a quiet 'thanks'. Mike bottoming wasn't something they did often. Usually he was the one pinning Will against the nearest hard surface and fucking him senseless, but seeing Richie on screen, it drove him wild.

"So I was doing some research and Double Helix Studios is actually Downtown..." Sketchbook in hand Will was a master at work, he didn't look at Mike, only glancing at the vase in their window. "It's their main office, Richie films there."

"Richie's in this city?" Mike feigned disinterest, and judging by the smirk tugging at the corner of Will's mouth failed miserably. They had fucked more than a few times over the past week, one of Richie's films always playing loudly on their laptop. The few nights Will was unavailable Mike spent fucking into his Flesh-light, picturing Richie on his cock, all long limbs and utter filth spilling from his mouth.

Will shook his head, eraser dragging over a stray line. "I called. They do tours and for an extra fee, Meet and Greet. But Richie is at a convention." Mike's face fell and he knew it was stupid

but he was hoping to get at least a glance at the star of his most recent fantasies. "It's in Secaucus, just across the river. I already got you a ticket."

His friends were the fucking best. Mike launched himself across the room, knocking Will's sketchpad out of the way and kissing him fiercely. "I fucking love you Will."

"Oh I'm back to Will now? No more pretending I'm Richie?" Will teased as Mike's lips moved to his neck, hissing when Mike bit him in retaliation. "Ow! You fuck." His hips pushed up against Mike and Mike took the hint, rolling his back down against him. "You know I've been telling you for years how hot you are and nope, you don't believe me but Richie comes around, and suddenly you want to fuck yourself into next week."

"He's hotter than me." Mike cut off any further argument, slotting his lips against Will's and sliding his hand into Will's jeans.

Thirty minutes. Richie was just thirty minutes away and Mike was a nervous wreck. He picked at the hole in his jeans, sliding his thumb against the frayed threads. Jane had walked in on him destroying his closet and put him out of his misery. She leant him her leather jacket and made him put on his tightest jeans, adding the holes along his legs and putting him on a purple cowl neck shirt. She assured him he looked Bitchin' before sending him on his way.

The bus through the tunnel was the longest ride he'd been on, seeming to drag on and on but looking up he finally saw the convention center. Heart beating wildly he walked up the stairs, handing his ticket over with a blush at the cute girl behind the counter. "Looking good." Her hand lingered as she fastened the band around his wrist. "I get off in a few hours." She winked before setting her sights on the next person leaving Mike a little more confident as he walked in.

People were everywhere, cameras flashing in the booths, milling around merch tables filled with sex toys and movies. He took the long way around, busying himself looking at toys and other stars

while he steeled his nerves.

“Richie! What the fuck are you doing! You’re supposed to be at the booth for another hour!” Mike’s hip slammed into the table when the person yelling at him shoved him. He spun around, eyes meeting with a short brunette. “You’re not Richie. Fuck, I’m so sorry. Oh God, I’m the biggest asshole. I just shoved a stranger.”

Eddie’s voice played in his head, crying out ‘Oh God’ in a far different way and it sent a shiver down his spine. “It’s ok. Seriously. My friends thought I was him too. Charged into the room and accused me of being a porn star.”

“Shit really?” Eddie laughed and Mike smiled like a fool. “Well I still feel like an ass, let me bring you to the booth? I can get you some free merch. Besides, Richie will get a kick of this.” One mention of Richie and Mike’s mouth dried up. Nodding slowly he followed Eddie through the crowds, hands clasped together. With Eddie holding onto him, the pair was stopped more than once, everyone assuming he was Richie.

“What the fuck did I say about picking up strays Eds? Only if you bring enough for everyone.” Richie was there, not three feet in front of him as he tugged Eddie into a dramatic kiss, making a show of dipping him and grabbing his ass to the applause of the crowd.

“That’s not my fucking name Trashmouth.” Eddie muttered without much venom. “I attacked him because I thought he was you.”

“Why would you think that he’s me?” Richie finally looked up and muttered a ‘fuck’ as he locked eyes on Mike. Mike felt hot under Richie’s gaze, the way it lingered on his face before taking a slow, deliberate trip down his body. He recovered quickly, giving Mike a smile before turning back to Eddie. “You didn’t have to clone me baby. You know you can get this dick whenever you want.” The people waiting in line to meet him all laughed, some were taking pictures of Mike now and he smiled awkwardly.

“Come on. Richie said to hold you in the back until he’s done. That ok?” Eddie was next to him again and they were getting more pictures taken. Richie wanted him, wanted to see him. He blurted out

a quick yes before letting Eddie drag him into the back.

The stars of Double Helix fawned over him as he got to their green room. Being in a room filled with a bunch of people he'd jerked off to multiple times should've set him on edge but they were all so nice, it was hard to be embarrassed. They treated him like an old friend, easily keeping him involved in their conversations, dragging him into faux arguments and jokes. When Richie walked in he froze mid sentence.

"Richie! I talked to Andy, told him we found someone just as hot as you without a trashcan for a mouth. So to make a long story short, you're out, new boy is in." Bev smirked dramatically draping herself over Mike's lap.

"Fuck off Marsh, no one is as hot as me." Richie flipped Bev off, turning all his attention on Mike. "Now Clone Boy here, yea he's hot. But you've all seen me? Right?" He did a slow spin, tugging his shirt up and Mike's eyes immediately locked onto it. "See, Clone Boy can't take his eyes off me." Ignoring Bev Richie held his hand out for Mike. "Walk with me, talk with me pretty boy?"

Much to the amusement of Richie, Mike nearly knocked Bev to floor in his haste to get to Richie. He led Mike through a few back corridors until they were outside. "I know what you're thinking, I have a killer ass." Richie smirked, stepping close to Mike. "So I don't think I have a twin, but just to make sure you weren't adopted or anything right?"

"Definitely not."

"Perfect." Grabbing a handful of Mike's hair, Richie pulled him close, kissing him roughly. Mike must've died. His bus crashed in the tunnel and this was the last fantasy he was having before his heart finally gave out.

Breaking the kiss Richie looked around, making sure no one was nearby before sinking to his knees. "Fuck this going to be so fucking hot..." Experienced fingers undid his belt, moving to tug tight jeans down Mike's thighs. His cock bounced as it was freed, tip slick with precome. A moan fell from Mike's lips as Richie's hand wrapped

around him, giving a few expert strokes before he took Mike to the hilt, nose buried in Mike's bush and never once breaking eye contact with him.

The fact that Mike didn't come the instant he felt Richie's lips on him was a miracle and he thanked every god he think. His fingers dragged against the rough brick behind him, the pain grounding him. Richie took his wrist, yanking it toward his head and Mike got the hint, his mind flashing to Richie on screen. Fingers knotting in his thick hair he gave Richie a harsh tug.

Richie moaned around him, the vibrations driving Mike closer the edge. It was the best head Mike had ever gotten, Richie knew all the tricks, bring Mike to his limit and holding back more than once, drawing it out as long as he could, like he was getting off on having Mike in his throat. Both hands found their way into Richie's hair, tugging and directing him until Mike was nearing the point of no return. "Fuck, Richie. Close. So close." Richie pulled off, standing and kissing him roughly, his hand circling Mike's cock, stroking quickly. Ropes of come landed on Richie's jeans and fell over his hand as Mike moaned into his mouth.

"Holy fuck. That was, the best blow job I've ever had." Mike panted, head thumping against the brick wall.

"You don't need to flatter me cutie. I know I'm good." Richie kissed him again before raising his messy hand. "I think you have a mess to clean babe." Mike leaned in, dragging his tongue over the mess, not missing the soft moan that it drew from Richie. "Please tell me you are not planning on leaving yet, because I really need to get my cock in this ass." Richie's free hand pushed behind Mike, gripping his ass and tugging their hips together.

"Not going anywhere." Mike kissed him again. Richie tugged Mike's jeans back up, tucking him away. "But I thought..." He whined, clinging to Richie's hands at his belt.

"Easy babe." Richie leaned in nipping softly at Mike's neck before sucking a hickie just under his ear. "I am not passing up the chance to see this pretty face as I slide my cock into you." He emphasized his point by grinding against Mike, hard cock pressing

against him. "I have to do another hour in the booth and then a panel, although I bet everyone would love having two of me on stage, 'specially if the real me was fucking your throat for all to watch."

Mike shuddered at the thought, being so exposed, being watched by strangers. It nearly had him rock solid again. Richie slid his room card into the back pocket of Mike's jeans. "Wander the convention, have some fun, put some stuff on my card. See you at six." With one last grope of his ass and a quick kiss Richie was gone and Mike was left leaning against wall, debating the merits of jerking off to everything just happened.

Richie fucking Tozier just sucked him off. A porn star wanted to have sex with him, more than once. Looking down and seeing his own face staring up at him, as that warmth surrounded his cock. He could still hear the sounds Richie made, the soft gagging and the moans, moans that Mike drew out. It was a wonder he lasted as long as he did.

The convention was white noise as his mind raced, the key card in his back pocket burning in his mind. It was calling him, practically tugging him out of the crowded room. He was almost out the door when a couple of toys caught his eye. "Richie Tozier! My man!" The guy running the booth smiled up at him, quickly shaking his hand. Mike barely had time to open his mouth, let alone correct the stranger, before he started in again, talking a mile a minute and offering him his choice of toys.

Mike walked out of the convention, two silicon toys weighing heavy in his bag. He got more than one knowing smirk as he made his way up into the hotel. Sitting on the edge of the bed Mike perked up at every noise, hoping this was it, that Richie was about to walk in and ravage him.

Horniness winning out he grabbed the bag, tipping it over and staring at the two toys. Double Helix's name and logo was big and bold on the packaging, both modeled after one of their stars. Both called to him, and it was tempting to try to use both. The dildo was hot pink, but every other bit of the design was a replica of Richie. After watching all twenty of Richie's movies Mike liked to call himself an expert and the dildo was a pretty good copy, down to the

big vein that ran down his length.

The other toy was a bit different. Outside of the two movies she'd filmed with Richie, Mike hadn't seen her movies, but there was no denying she was gorgeous. When he saw the Flesh-light, he couldn't help but think of how good she felt in his lap, how nice her laugh sounded, how good she smelled. The handle was a deep red, almost crimson.

It was easy to conjure the image, Beverly spread wide for him just like shed done for Richie. He'd take his time, tease her, bite and kiss her thighs, eat her out until she was begging for him and still not push into her. It was all so clear in his mind, the skirt she was wearing earlier hiked up, shirt torn and exposing her breast for him take hold of.

Lubing up, Mike moaned as he slid into her. Mike worked himself slowly, hips rolling up to impale the toy. He watched himself disappear inside it, could feel himself just barely hitting the back of the handle, moaning at how well he filled it, how well it hugged his cock.

"Faster." Mike nearly jumped off the bed, the toy falling from his grip and sliding off his dick with a soft pop. "Sorry, didn't want to interrupt but you were being so fucking slow. Hope you don't think I'll be that gentle. I'm a wild ride." Richie was smirking above him, already shirtless.

"S-sorry." Not four hours ago Richie had sucked him and here he was blushing like an idiot.

"Oh never be sorry for getting your rocks off. I mean I've fucked the real deal and you had me wishing I was inside that toy. I bet she'd fucking love you, all gentle and shit." Richie pushed Mike down, sitting next to him and holding the toy just above his cock. "She makes the prettiest sounds you know." He slid the toy down completely, twisting it as he went. Mike's hips bucked uncontrollably, moaning loudly. "Ok, second prettiest."

Getting lost in Richie was the best thing Mike could imagine. This could barely be called sex and it already ranked up in his top

five. He could feel Richie moving, not really paying attention until he felt Richie's cock against his, the tip nudging at the entrance of the toy. "We could both fuck her. Bev would lose her mind. I'm clearly the hottest guy she's ever had the pleasure of fucking so just imagine now that there's two of me." He pushed in a bit, barely able to fit an inch alongside Mike's cock.

"Or maybe I'll give her this." He was pressing the dildo into Mike's hand. "Get her all strapped up and let her fuck you open for me. If you think this toy feels good Mike you have no idea how good it feels when she takes control. Fucks you within an inch of your life. I mean it's nothing compared to the fuck you're getting tonight but trust me it's so good." Mike was gone, coming again, thick spurts of come spilling into the toy. "That's a good boy, get nice and relaxed."

Richie tossed the toy over his shoulder, not caring as it bounced off the TV. "Roll over for me ok?" His voice took on a lighter tone, the cockiness gone for just an instant.. Nodding Mike did as told, his ass on display. "I knew this was going to be a good ass. I mean, how could it not be." He palmed Mike's cheeks, groping it gently and spreading them, his thumb pressing against the rim.

"Virgin?" Mike shook his head, mouth open and ready to give Richie his full sex history, but broke into a surprised gasp as Richie's tongue dragged across his hole. He could feel Richie's smirk against his skin as he continued pressing kitten licks into him, until his tongue was pressing into him, spreading him open gently. It wasn't long until a finger joined, then two and three, Richie's mouth moving to sink its teeth into the soft flesh of Mike's thigh.

"Going to fucking wreck you Mike." Richie growled, adding a fourth finger. "Going to barely be able to walk when I'm through with you. Sure we can get you a wheel chair." Mike was billed out, Richie's filth on screen was enough to do him in but hearing it directed at him was like nothing he'd ever experienced. He whined at the loss of Richie's fingers but soon he was on his back again, one leg hooked over Richie's shoulder as he pushed it. Will was no slouch when it came to size but still Richie felt massive, slowly sinking into him until all eight and a half inches were buried to the hilt inside him.

“Richie!” Mike clawed at Richie’s back, blunt nails leaving little half moons in their wake. Living up to his promise Richie was anything but slow; he slammed into him, the bed rocking with each thrust of his hips.

“That’s right baby. Take my fucking cock.” It was everything Mike had imagined. More than that it was a thousand times better. Lines that would’ve made him laugh in a porn were like an aphrodisiac, making him moan and shake. His own cock lay hard and ignored on his stomach but his hand was slapped away as he reached for it. “Uh-uh baby. I made you come twice. Come untouched or not at all.” He shifted them, bringing both Mike’s legs up to his shoulders and bending him near in half.

The new angle had Richie pounding into his prostate, dragging moans and pleas for release from Mike. He thrashed, hips bucking trying to get friction on his cock and whined when nothing worked. Tears formed in his eyes, threatening to fall and he turned, trying to hide.

“Oh hell no. You look at me Mike.” Richie’s hand cupped Mike’s chin, holding him in place as Richie stared down at him. “Fuck this is so hot Mike. Now I know how blessed Stan and Ben are when they have me like this, all contorted for their pleasure. We look so good taking dick.” He started moving faster, losing his pace and rhythm. “You look so good taking my cock. Like you were made for it Mike.”

Mike was so close, so damn close to the edge but Richie’s cock was only hitting his prostate half as much now, the angle shifting with each thrust. Mike moaned Richie’s name again and again, barely able to think of anything but Richie, Richie, Richie.

“God, going to fill you up Mike. Going to look so good with me leaking out of you.” Richie thrust in one final time, burying himself deep in Mike as he came. Mike sobbed softly as he felt Richie’s cock twitch and swell inside him, coming for the third time that day.

“Holy fucking shit.” Richie pulled out gently, collapsing on the bed next to Mike and tugging him close. “That was the best sex

I've ever fucking had, and trust me, I've been around." Richie kissed him softly, hands in Mike's hair as he directed things. He wasn't sure what was going to happen in the morning but for right now he couldn't care less. All that mattered was the body he was pressed against, the lips pressing a kiss to his forehead. Mike slowly drifted off to sleep, Richie's arms tight around him.